

Vol. 1 No. 3

November, 1901

The Socialist Spirit

The Fellowship

George D. Herron William T. Brown
William Mailly Leonard D. Abbott
John Spargo Marion Craig Wentworth
Franklin H. Wentworth, *Executive*

The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.

*Published Monthly by Franklin H. Wentworth
at 609 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
Price: Fifty Cents a Year; Five Cents a Copy*

Are you willing to aid the growth and influence of such a publication as the **SOCIALIST SPIRIT**?

If you are, here is a chance for you to get it into the hands of those **WHO NEED IT**.

FIVE
SIX MONTH'S SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR
ONE
DOLLAR

Send us a dollar and we will send you **FIVE** printed postal cards, each good for a half-year's subscription.

No trouble to you—You buy the cards of us—five for a dollar, and sell them to others at twenty-five cents each, who fill them out with name and address and mail them to us.

Almost anybody will give you twenty-five cents for a six month's subscription, and if the **SOCIALIST SPIRIT** is once read it is sure of a permanent subscriber.

"The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberty needful for living a complete and unfearing life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization."

The Socialist Spirit

VOL. I

NOVEMBER, 1901

No. 3

The President It is so refreshing to have a chief public servant who means

what he says that one finds himself forgetting that Mr. Roosevelt is an advocate of the doctrine of physical force in one's admiration for his frankness and directness of policy. He has had only a month at the wheel, but the politicians are already beginning to realize that some one is steering.

At the beginning the promise was that the country should hear little of the Roosevelt policy and much of the McKinley policy; and yet the Washington correspondents are telling us not merely of Roosevelt methods which cannot well help differing from those of his predecessor, but of Roosevelt policies which are to bear a peculiar stamp of their own. If one-half that is contained in the Washington correspondence of the day has any basis in truth interesting developments at the national capital are brewing.

The disposition of the federal patronage has first claimed the President's attention, and here we encounter deviations from the beaten path which have greatly stirred the senatorial patronage dispensers. The recommendation of Senator Burton of Kansas in respect to the United States district attorneyship for that State was flatly turned aside on the ground of unfitness of the person favored, and the President chose a man recommended by some one else. It is

declared that he consulted an author, William Allen White, in the matter, instead of a United States Senator behind whose returns there should be no going. This in itself, from the senatorial standpoint, amounts almost to executive usurpation. The two Illinois Senators had fixed up a slate which provided a new man for the Chicago customs collectorship in place of William Penn Nixon, but the President has broken the slate. The Addicks faction in Delaware was the recognized one in the Republican national convention of last year, but the President has tipped over its pretensions by naming an anti-Addicks postmaster at Wilmington. None of the party managers appear to have been consulted in the Gov. Jones appointment in Alabama, and Washington dispatches to certain New York and Chicago papers declare that Senator Hanna is much worked up over it and in a temper to break with the President and resign from the national committee.

It is not hard to predict that Mr. Roosevelt's problems will tax his "strenuousness" to the utmost if he keeps headed the way he is now. Half the fun of being a Senator is the distribution of the federal jobs. Mr. McKinley never interfered with this cherished senatorial prerogative. He referred all appointments to the two Senators of each State, and the men selected were indorsed no matter what blackguards

they might be. Mr. McKinley did not make it his business to inquire. He trusted the Senators. That is why he succeeded in uniting his party so thoroughly. The Senators like that sort of a President. It helps them in their business.

But nothing evidently is to deter Mr. Roosevelt from taking hold of the patronage question and doing something to rescue the service from that drift to spoilsism under the domination of Congressional influence which had begun to spread despair among civil service reformers. Enough to a certainty has already been done by him to cause a great flutter among the senatorial dictators of the patronage. They are not to be excluded entirely from consultation as to appointments, but a standard of merit promises to be held before them which they must come up to in making recommendations, and this will make them very sad indeed. They have always distributed patronage, not to the fit but to the faithful, and a President who would hold them up to a mark of integrity is a disagreeable proposition.



The Tariff Issue

But wholly aside from these little amenities, there is trouble brewing right inside the Republican party which may well require the tact of a more diplomatic man than Mr. Roosevelt. Part of the Republicans are getting tired of the present brand of "prosperity." The protected industries are getting the biggest share of the swag and do not mean to give up unless they have to. So we find a good body of the gentlemen in power in favor of a tariff reduction; and a good body opposed to it. The trusts are not replying freely to the question sent out to them by the federal industrial commission whether they are selling their products at lower prices to foreigners than to our own people. Most of them are said to be not replying at all. But what a true answer would be everybody knows, and the commission knows also.

It remains to be seen whether or not it will dodge the matter in its report to Congress, simply because many of its members are high tariff partisans who hate to admit that they are robbing the domestic purchaser so that they may underbid the producers of other countries. But whether they dodge it or not, the fight is coming on, and it will make the next session of Congress an interesting one. For example, there is the little difference regarding shoe leather. Free hides leagues are becoming exceedingly popular. A league for the whole United States has been formed at Philadelphia, with vice presidents representing various shoe and leather sections, and there are sub-leagues for Boston, Chicago and other places. The next Congress will hear from them in the matter of the 15 per cent duty on hides for the protection chiefly of the dressed beef millionaires of Chicago, Omaha and Kansas City, whose methods with their employees are indicated in another part of this issue. Then there is that sugar matter.

Agitation for the removal of the tariff on Cuban cane sugar is becoming noticeably active. Behind it all is the American Sugar Refining Company or trust, but, of course, the popular interest in the cheaper sugar that would ensue is made the basis of the agitation. Under the head of "Startling Facts About Sugar," the Sugar Trade Journal, of New York, makes a computation showing that by the removal of the duty on Cuban sugar the people of the United States would be saved \$84,981,060 a year on the basis of current consumption. This consumption is placed at 2,360,585 tons, of which 1,360,585 tons is imported under duty, paying on the average \$36 a ton to the government, or \$48,981,000 a year in revenue which the government does not need. The rest of the sugar used comes from Louisiana (350,000 tons), domestic beet sugar (150,000 tons), from Hawaii, free of duty (350,000 tons), and Porto Rico, also free of duty (150,000 tons). This

sugar is presumably enhanced in price to the full extent of the duty, and hence the people are taxed some \$85,000,000 to give the government \$49,000,000 which is not needed.

This makes very good reading for those who are still gullible enough to believe that the people would get the benefit of the reduction.

Against this scheme of the sugar trust will stand in Congress the protected beet sugar industry and the time-honored treasury-looters from the cane fields of Louisiana. Leather and sugar are but two of the products which give promise of being fought over at the coming session, and the President can hardly hope to avoid a definite policy in the premises. Whichever side he takes, he will have the other side against him. As both sides are now robbing the people to the limit, the struggle will be simply a quarrel between thieves, but if in their controversies they tell the truth about one another, and it gets into the newspapers, some public benefit may result in the way of illumination. But Mr. Roosevelt—well, he's a strenuous person.



The Booker Washington Incident

Booker Washington's dinner at the White House has been the chief matter of public importance during the month. In this incident, too, Mr. Roosevelt shows to advantage; first, in having Mr. Washington to dinner—a gentleman any other gentleman should be glad to dine with—and, second, in going on sawing wood and letting the newspapers howl about it. One would certainly think we were in a toy world, with only children to play with, that such an insignificant thing could raise such a tempest.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun declares that "indignation is expressed among Southern men generally that the President should, in the face of his declarations of friendliness toward the people of the South, take this early opportunity to

show such a marked courtesy and distinction to a colored man." A Southern Congressman is quoted as saying that the dinner would undo all the good the President had accomplished in appointing ex-Gov. J. G. Jones a federal judge. Another declared, "The South can never take to its heart any man who has had a colored man at the table with him." Still another said: "All the Democratic appointments the President can make would fail to reconcile the South to the fact that the President of the United States ate at the same table with a 'nigger.'" Most surprising of all is the bitter attack upon the President by the Memphis Commercial-Appeal:

The most damnable outrage which has ever been perpetrated by any citizen of the United States was committed yesterday by the president, when he invited a nigger to dine with him at the White House. It would not be worth more than a passing notice if Theodore Roosevelt had sat down to dinner in his own home with a Pullman palace-car porter, but Roosevelt the individual and Roosevelt the president are not to be viewed in the same light.

Where now are those zealous individuals who were so anxious a few weeks ago to suppress impolite criticism of public servants? The perusal of a great mass of Southern newspaper opinion, of interviews with leading citizens and of expressions of opinion from Governors, Congressmen and other public men, discloses little or no dissent from a mighty chorus of hot denunciation of the President for admitting to his home circle, for a brief hour or two, one of the most respected citizens of the United States, distinguished at home and abroad;—and all solely because this citizen has a darkly shaded skin. No single incident has occurred since the civil war so deeply revealing the inborn and inbred, hopeless, merciless and undying feeling of hostility to and contempt for the black man which possesses the Southern heart, and which would crush every effort he may make, or others may make for him, to be considered as more than an inferior and subject being.

Such a startling outburst over such a trifle would seem to indicate that the old fire of race hatred had been fanned again into flame by some hidden influence. But the influence is not hidden, nor far to seek. The overflow of capitalism into Porto Rico and the Philippines, with its accompanying utter disregard of the rights of dark-skinned people abroad, is the secret of this Southern uprising of the same ruthlessness at home. The North need not hold up its hands in horror at this outburst from the South, for the North has been fanning the flame.

It was only a few weeks ago that a man who assumes to be a spiritual teacher (the Reverend Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook) said in a speech at Brooklyn:

It was a mistaken impression when we thought the black man as good as the white man. It is not a difference of skin, but the skin stands for something—for centuries of barbarism and ignorance. Let us get away from the thought that all men have an equal right to vote, to a place in society, or to stand where other people stand. We haven't been able to turn the mongrel into the full-blooded collier in a century, but let us have patience. The Chinese say that you can turn a mulberry leaf into a silk dress, but the mulberry leaf is not a silk dress.

Set over against this the words of a Southern man, ex-Gov. Oates of Alabama, and it is evident if this brutal ruthlessness is wholly a matter of locality Dr. Abbott and Gov. Oates ought to exchange places. Gov. Oates said recently:

The disfranchisement of the whole negro race would be unwise and unjust. The negroes constitute a large majority of our state population—over 800,000. Among them are many honest, industrious and good citizens, capable of understanding the issues of a campaign. Such men are patriotic. When volunteers are wanted to fight our battles they furnish their quota. Who will say that Booker Washington, Councill, Grant, Calhoun and hundreds of other such citizens of Alabama shall not vote if they choose? Shall they be excluded merely because they belong to the colored race? I say no.

Such is the answer which this Southern white man of slavery antecedents sends back to the successor of Beecher.

The English Situation

If the American capitalist invasion of the East is bringing to the surface at home such rabid manifestations as the Booker Washington incident disclosed, so the English invasion of the Transvaal is bringing developments in Great Britain.

The hints being thrown out in England that the continued non-success of the South African war may cause a popular revolution against the "ruling caste" are extremely interesting. Even the Spectator vaguely suggests that if this sort of thing keeps on there may be a reaction toward republicanism. And it is recalled that during the darker days of the Crimean war this same feeling of discontent with the monarchical system began to be shown. It is very likely that republicanism will gain ground very rapidly in Great Britain if the Boer war goes from bad to worse. If the crown should lose South Africa the monarchy might go to eternal smash.

Let adversity or real humiliation come, and the whole system of the peerage, with its aristocratic domination of the army and navy, would suffer a severe strain. The inroads made by continuous socialist propaganda upon the monarchical idea are considerable, and yet there seems to be no hint of their recognition by the ruling class.

It is during periods of the breaking strain of such fatuous capitalistic policies as the present one of Chamberlain's that the whole weakness and futility of aristocracy and its economic basis are disclosed. There are too many people in England to-day who are smarting under the stigma placed upon the nation by the ministry's treatment of the Boer women and children; and there are too many who see the absurdity of the whole system of capitalist exploitation, to make it advisable for the Chamberlain ministry to go too near the danger line of failure. Almost everything which has happened in the logic of events has shown the ministry

at a disadvantage. It is clear that the English common people are paying heavily for a war which is only bringing contempt and shame upon them. It is clear that it is becoming almost impossible to get soldiers to enlist any further in such a silly fight; and it is also clear that the soldiers that are enlisting are the dregs of the nation. This is proven by the fact that there are now over 3,000 of them in the military prisons in South Africa. It is laughable that three thousand men sent out to fight should have to be locked up and guarded for the good of the service.

Meanwhile the tom-foolery at home gives promise of further diversion.

In order to grasp the full idiocy of royalty one has only to read the rules and regulations concerning dress at the coming coronation of King Edward VII. The mantles, robes and coronets, in all their multiple variations of design and color to distinguish rank and exalt the aristocracy, take one back to the Tudors and the Plantagenets. That the ceremony is to be a very exclusive affair is made plain by the curt announcement that widows of peers who have remarried beneath their rank in the peerage are "not entitled to a summons to attend the coronation."

The same fool spirit of "after us the deluge," which sat grinning upon the safety-valve in the days before the French revolution, sits flirting with destiny above the social boilers to-day. We are entering upon interesting times.



**Codfish
Aristocracy** Meanwhile American efforts toward an aristocracy are not so prosperous. There does not seem to be any head to it. As a plutocracy we do very well. There are plenty of men with money enough, but most of them are very vulgar. They have not been idlers long enough for their blood to become blue. So we are up against it. If we only had a king now! But here is Teddy Roosevelt eating with niggers. Dear, dear!

Unless you have something to go by you can't tell who has a right to wear his hat. You might even bow to the wrong person in a crowd. It is really very discouraging.

There are now three Societies of Colonial Dames, each one of which claims the sole right to use that title. The claim has caused so much friction among the dames, and at times has so seriously threatened to arouse the old revolutionary spirit, that one of the organizations went into court and demanded that it should decide which one of the three was the one and only original Colonial Dames of America. The court—the Appellate division of the New York Supreme Court—for once was nonplused, and after long and serious consideration sustained the ruling of the lower court that all three had the right to use the title indiscriminately. As this decision virtually says there is no one and only original set of Colonial Dames, and, moreover, denies the right of mutual exclusiveness, it may well be imagined that the Colonial Dames of all three societies are in a state of mind which can be better imagined than described.

When people have absolutely nothing in themselves to entitle them to respectful consideration, they generally fish around for something their grandfathers did. The trouble with the American aristocracy seems to be that they all had grandfathers; a most distressing circumstance.

But the funny thing about the Dames is that they don't know what their grandfathers stood for. The Boers and the Filipinos are fighting for the same thing their grandfathers fought for; but they don't seem to be showing up very largely at the Boer sympathy meetings. This is because the aristocratic basis is not a principle, but a privilege. It is something outside of themselves. Personal merit has nothing whatever to do with it. Unless your life fabric is based on some kind of a foundation you are

liable to make a good many kinds of fool of yourself. This is what ails the Dames.

Ministerial Competition

As an aristocracy is founded on privilege and not upon merit, so also is a hierarchy. A religious machine cannot from its very nature retain the spirit of true religion. It is clear that if a man has anything to teach which the people wish to hear, and which they are willing to give him a living in return for, he is not to be criticised. He is worthy of his hire. All independent churches are therefore to be respected. They are built around the spiritual excellence of some present individual. You can take him or leave him as you like. But in a church machine it is not the same. Men get into it who have no merit at all; who have neither spiritual insight nor attractiveness of character. The people who support the church frequently do not like their incumbent, and only suffer him until the next conference, when they are sent another man, whom they may not like any better. It is a good job being a preacher; you get more time to read and sleep than most men do, and as the machine prescribes what you shall preach to your gospel-hardened listeners, you do not require any special ability. Just hold your job and never do anything to offend anybody. Then you will last and always have your living. If they don't like you in one place the conference will saddle you on another.

But then, of course, there is competition. As it gets fiercer in business life more young men will want jobs as preachers. Trouble of that nature seems to be brewing now. The Reverend Magee Pratt, of Hartford, sends a memorial to the national council of Congregational churches which recently assembled at Portland, Me. It is a protest against the increasing competition in the business. Among other things he says:

The policy of the past has confessedly broken down. Self-constituted societies, foisting themselves upon the sympathies of the Christian public, are so wasteful of God's money that reform or ruin are inevitable, while the lack of growth in our churches demonstrates the necessity of a new departure.

Among the self-appointed organizations the seminaries are in their present abnormal numbers the most destructive and wasteful. By their work it is now possible for men who have every qualification for successful ministerial life to be condemned to idleness, want and death, while incompetent graduates secure churches that they can only satisfy for a short time by various secular devices, with the result that the cause of Christ suffers wrong through the lack of spiritual life in the people.

And if it be urged that the churches demand young men, the answer is complete; that the demand has been created by the flood of graduates issuing annually from the seminaries, who, by unfair competition, and fewer necessities, have underbid the qualified men, most of the graduates refusing to go to the places in distant states where they are needed. And so, by adhering to the centers of Congregationalism, they drive the mature men to the wall.

This is simply an ordinary protest against competition. The ministry, like every other branch of business, is getting overcrowded, and the weakest are being crushed. Are the mature men being crowded out of the pulpit? Well, so are they being crowded out of the office-chair and the factory and the work-shop. That is what socialists are contending. They are working harder for the welfare of the preachers than the preachers are working for their own. Socialists would abolish the system of economic garrote; they would abolish economic fear; they would make it possible for every man to make an honest living without asking any other man's leave.

The socialist is working for all men, not a portion, nor a sect. He wants all men to be free, where none are free now. He wants all men to serve, and all men to be happy as they only can be happy,—in some high service. He wants men to do the work they are fit to do.

The socialist does not believe in keeping the devil in the world so that a few people may get the job of saving people from him. He had rather see such

energy expended in planting trees or growing flowers, or building homes or making a happy civic life.

The socialist would simply remove the incentive to heartlessness and wrong-doing, by holding up the ideal of a co-operative and strifeless society. Come, let us make the world a fit place to live in!

The Futile Missionary

When a little over a year ago our missionaries had to flee from China, some of them turned their attention to the men of the navy. They visited the boats, gave addresses, exhibited lantern pictures and preached the gospel in a simple, winning way. This was an altogether new experience to the sailors and marines, who had associated Shanghai and Hong Kong with the awful temptations of seaport cities.—The Congregationalist.

At a recent dinner in Chicago, at which the editor of *The Socialist Spirit* was present, a professor of the University of Chicago in the course of his talk referred to the well-known accomplishments of the American missionaries in Japan; whereupon the editor asked the professor what the well-known accomplishments of the American missionaries in Japan were. The professor thought a moment, flushed slightly, and said that besides introducing many advanced ideas he believed the missionaries had influenced the Japanese largely toward truth-telling; the people of that country being commonly addicted to lying. The editor then asked the professor if he thought a few of these successful missionaries might be induced to remain at home and make an effort to abolish lying in America.

The fact recorded by the Congregationalist, the organ of the Congregational denomination, that when the American missionaries had to flee from China they turned their attention to American sailors, and that the American sailors were astonished, is a fact that should bring the blush of shame to the faces of those zealous gentlemen who are running about the world try-

ing to reform other nations when every city in their own nation is a hot-bed of infamy. But the Congregationalist piously refers to this intelligence as "news of deep religious interest in the Asiatic squadrons of the British and American navies."

When one reads of the enormous sums of money which are collected from the pious and from the Sunday-school children in America month after month and year after year for the support of foreign missions; when he realizes what a multitude of these men are sailing and resailing back and forth, to and from foreign nations all the time, and when he looks out upon America and sees here everywhere among us the same faults and the same vices that these men are trying to correct in others, he stands aghast at the stupidity of that part of society called by the newspapers the "religious" world. The absurdity of such antics is so glaringly evident that when one looks at a missionary and hears him talk one almost doubts his own sanity. It seems incredible that men of the grade of intelligence to which many of them lay claim should be so absolutely blind to the shortcomings among their own people, shortcomings which are easily worthy of their mightiest and most earnest efforts; and to which their seeming blindness exhibits them as contemptible hypocrites in the eyes of those whom they would reform. "Don't send us any more missionaries," exclaimed a Hindu monk at the World's Fair Congress of Religions. "We know all about your Jesus. We in India have known of him and his teachings for centuries. What we would know is how we can apply those teachings to our every-day lives, and you cannot teach us that. You do not know it yourselves."

When Vive-Kananda said the Christians were a lot of hypocrites he said what was true. We need to study the other great religions of the world to get a point of view. For these mission-

aries are not conscious hypocrites. They are not all of the stripe that have been looting China. Many of them are earnest, noble-hearted men. They mean perfectly well. They are merely stupid. They think that God gave to the small part of the world called Christian all the truth there is, and their ignorance of the greater world outside confirms their unintelligent conclusions. It is a sort of apotheosis of self-conceit; a vanity which, when it says, "We have the light; all else is heathen darkness," makes its ignorance luminous.

There was never a people in such dire need of real spiritual leadership and inspiration as the people of America are to-day. Vice festers everywhere. Our public life reeks with jobbery, chicanery and fraud. People are starving to death in the shadow of elevators bursting with grain. Men no longer have faith either in themselves or in one another. Business is a shameless game of betrayed confidences. Private life is a sham and a make-believe. Our very food we cannot be sure of, for the adulteration.

And out of this festering mass we are sending processions of men to teach religion to others.

How the devil would kick his heels in ecstasy at such a pageant; if there were a devil other than our own stupidity; stupidity in which we enslave ourselves, and from which we reach out to enslave others. God save the world, what fools we are!

The religious machines have been busy having conferences all summer. Not one word in them all of real comfort or service to the American people.

The last one was the October Methodist conference at Chicago.

Two heads of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop C. C. McCabe and Bishop J. M. Thoburn, spoke of the enlargement of the dominion of the United States, giving thanks for the new field opened to their work.

"The outlook for missionary work was never so bright as to-day," said Bishop Thoburn. "The opportunities

presented to us in Asia and the Philippines are simply marvelous, and we must do our duty."

What about the duties of these men here? Are there no opportunities for them in America?

Look into the hunted, weary faces in America's city streets and see!

And yet in their blind and fatuous hypocrisy they have the stupidity to inquire "why the church in America is losing its influence with the people,"—why the working men do not come to church." Why should working men care for a church which does not care for them—which has naught to give them save maudlin sympathy?

You cannot harness the common people to spiritual death; and you cannot harness them to hypocrisy.

There is something in work, just the plain work of the every day, which keeps the people true, which keeps them out of the stagnant atmosphere of the temples; out under the sky with their faces toward the open; waiting, waiting for the coming of the man of God. It is only a John the Baptist, or a Jesus, or a Sidhartha, the common people listen to; only men of real spiritual power. If you want the plain people to listen to you you have got to say something.

It would be out of the question for bishops and preachers and missionaries to keep on ignoring the Godless, manless conditions of American civilization if the church constituency were not of the same kidney. The people who are supporting the churches are very anxious to have light shed on other peoples. The more attention is fixed on the heathen abroad the less it is apt to unearth the burrowings of the heathen at home. Bishop Thoburn rhapsodizes over opportunities for saving souls a long way off, but why does he not improve a few of the opportunities at home? If he should turn his attention toward social conditions here would he be striking too near the sources of his bread? Bishop Thoburn may be conscious of

this, and he may not; he may be merely the weak instrument of an intelligence more alert than his own. Many good men are. The Bishop must settle that with himself. We have to do only with an absurd custom. We do not mention individuals to judge them; but to illustrate types. The missionary is a type.

The English had been sending out missionaries for centuries when one day Robert Owen visited an English coal mine. He asked a 12-year-old boy if he knew God.

"God?" said the boy, "God? No, I don't. He must work in some other mine."

Robert Owen thought it was awful. He roused England with his protests. He declared it cast a shadow on the clergy. But it didn't. You cannot cast a shadow on stupidity. It is stupidity which makes the shadow.

England is still sending out missionaries.

If she thought of it she might send one around to see Joseph Chamberlain. The traveling expenses would be light, and humanity might be done a real service.

But far and beyond the indisposition of these sometimes well-intentioned men to make their own country a fit place to live in, is the absurd figure which they cut abroad. In India men were engaged in contemplating spiritual problems when our forefathers were gnawing raw flesh. To attempt to teach the Hindu spirituality before we are spiritual ourselves is to make ourselves the laughing stock of the universe. If it were not for our enormous self-righteousness and vanity, coupled to a stupidity so dense as to seal our brains against all intelligence, we would be crawling in the dust in humiliation.

If there were no opportunities for us to know better, and see ourselves as others see us, there would be some excuse for us perhaps; but in spite of the translations of the beautiful literature of the East, we hug our ignorance; call these people "heathen," and try to save

them by missionary service from spiritual conditions infinitely superior to our own. There is never so pitiful a fool as the fool who thinks he is wise; the fool who tries to help and in his unwisdom pulls down the sacred edifice.

In 1879 a Bramo Somaj went to London to preach. A few liberal Englishmen like Dr. Pusey, Dean Stanley and Lord Lawrence were bold enough to go and hear the heathen.

The heathen priest's name was Keshub Chunder Sen, and among other things he said:

It seems that the Christ that has come to us is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him, and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence it is that the Hindu people shrink back and say, "Who is this revolutionary reformer who is trying to sap the very foundations of native society, and bring about an outlandish faith and civilization quite incompatible with oriental instincts and ideas? Why must we submit to one who is of a different nationality? Why must we bow before a foreign prophet?"

It is a fact which cannot be gainsaid that hundreds upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands, even among the most intelligent in the land, stand back in moral recoil from this picture of a foreign Christianity trying to invade and subvert Hindu society; and this repugnance unquestionably hinders the progress of the true spirit of Christianity in our country.

When they feel that Christ means nothing but denationalization, the whole nation must certainly, as one man, stand up to repudiate and banish this acknowledged evil. But why should Hindus look to England to learn Jesus Christ? Is not Christ's native land nearer to India than to England? Are not Jesus and his apostles and his immediate followers more akin to Indian nationality than Englishmen? Are not the scenes enacted in the drama of the Christian dispensation altogether homely (familiar) to us Indians? When we hear of the lily, and the sparrow, and the well, and a hundred other things of Eastern countries, do we not feel we are quite at home in the Holy Land?

Why should we, then, travel to a distant country like England, in order to gather truths which are to be found much nearer our homes?

Go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West. If you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and in the fullness and freshness of the primitive dispensation.

Why do I speak of Christ in England and Europe as the setting sun? Because there we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless forms and antiquated symbols. But, if you go to the true Christ in the East and his apostles, you are seized with inspiration. You find the truths of Christianity all fresh and resplendent!

In a few words, this polite Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen tells us that we have been going to the Holy land, on the borders of India, a place they know a great deal better than we do; that we have taken from thence a historic spiritual personage whom they understand a great deal better than we do; and that we have figuratively dressed him up in an English top hat and frock coat and taken him back to India to ram down their throats as an original inspirational discovery!

Dear, dear, what funny gentlemen we must seem to these Hindus! They are too polite to tell us what fools we are, and of course we are too stupid to find it out.

P. C. Mozoomdar, another Oriental, has written a book of which he took the trouble to bring out an American edition as long ago as 1894, in the hope that a few of our missionaries might read it and be inspired to stay at home and do some useful work. (The Oriental Christ, George H. Ellis, Boston.)

Mr. Mozoomdar in his gentle way goes after us almost as hard as Mr. Keshub Chunder Sen. He says in one part:

To be able to illustrate the distinctions which may be said to exist between Eastern and Western conceptions of Christ, let us place side by side two strongly marked characters. One of them is an elaborately learned man, versed in all the principles of theology. His doctrine is historical, exclusive, arbitrary, opposed to the ordinary instincts and natural common sense of mankind. He insists upon plenary inspiration, becomes stern over forms, continually descants on miracles, imports institutions foreign to the genius of the continent, and in case of non-compliance with whatever he lays down condemns men to eternal darkness and death. He continually talks of blood and fire and hell. He considers innocent babes as the progeny of deadly sin; he hurls invectives at other men's faith, however truly and conscientiously held. No sacred notions are sacred to him, unless he has taught them. All self-sacrifice, which he does not understand, is delusion to him. All scriptures are false which have grown up outside of his dispensation, climate and nationality. He will revolutionize, denationalize and alienate men from their kith and kin. Wherever he goes, men learn to be aware of him. He is tolerated only because he carries with him the imperial prestige of a conquering race. Can this be the Christ that will save India?

By his side place another figure.

He is simple, natural. He is a stranger to the learning of books. Out of the profound, untaught impulses of his divine soul he speaks. His voice is a song of glory; his sentiments are the visions of a heaven in which all men are united by love. His doctrines are the simple utterances about a fatherhood which embosoms all the children of men, and a brotherhood which makes all the races of the world one great family. The sinful and the sorrow-stricken, the ignorant and the unwise, the publicans and harlots, the very dregs and refuse of mankind, he draws around him. What he touches he purifies, but the touch of none can taint the light of holiness in him. His presence is the presence of all that is good and loving; his memory is a benediction unto all. Babies and children he calls unto him, but the wise and self-righteous he puts away. His institutions are the simplest forms of instinctive love and remembrance, and his service is the affectionate labor of self devoted faith. Throughout the whole Eastern world the perfume of his faith and devotion has spread. The wild genius of Mohammed knew and adored him amid the sands of Arabia. The tender love-intoxicated soul of Hafiz revelled in the sweetness of Christ's pity amid the rosebuds and nightingales of Persia. And here, too, in India, though latest and most backward, we Hindu Aryans have learned to enshrine him in the heart of our philosophy in the core of our exuberant love. Look on this picture and on that. This is the Christ of the East, and that of the West. Very true that the pictures are extreme. And there are men in the West with an Eastern imagination, as there are orientals who have inherited the coldness and hardness of Europe. But when we speak of a Western Christ, we speak of the incarnation of theology, formalism, ethical and physical force. Christ we know, is neither of the East nor of the West, but men have localized what God meant to make universal.

Could a more scathing rebuke be administered in gentler language?

The truth is, the average Anglo-Saxon has not the faintest conception of the Oriental, his customs, his manners, nor his mind. One might go to India and live there for years without winning either the confidence or respect of the Indian people, if he attempted to approach them in the "Christian" spirit so strikingly pilloried by Mr. Mozoomdar.

All foreign peoples with customs and traditions different from ours indulge in practices which were better discarded;—which seem to us absurd; but we should be quite sure of our own practices before we go after the mote in our brother's eye.

For example, the Hindus do not eat animal food. They believe all life is sacred, and that it is atrocious to kill and eat our domestic friends. Consequently the English missionary eating English beef is to the Oriental not only unspiritual but a positive savage.

Imagine a Kaffir coming to America to teach us ethics and you can get the proper illumination. We would hardly treat the Kaffir with as much consideration as we receive at Oriental hands, but that is because we have not as much respect for ourselves as the Oriental has for himself. We are nearer the savage than he is.

Perhaps the time may come when the American or English marine will not be overcome with astonishment when he finds himself the object of spiritual solicitude. Perhaps the time may come when we can say to the Japanese: "We have abolished lying in America. Come; send your missionaries to learn of us. Send them to see the spiritual glory of the truth-teller."

And the missionaries—the only kind that have a right to the name—seekers after truth, will come. They will come because we have something better and nobler than they have. They will come because the rumor of a people which have thrown hypocrisy aside and are striving to improve their own civil and economic life would be a torch of glory to the world.



The Last Guest

Warden Mead issued and mailed at Auburn Wednesday afternoon the invitations to the execution of Czolgosz.—Chicago Tribune.

She had not received an invitation. The warden did not even know her name. She was called just "Hannah." And yet if invitations were to be had by earning them she should have had one. She had scrubbed the cement floor of the Room until it was immaculate. The Angel of Death was to walk on it, she thought. It was scarcely daylight.

The turnkey grinned at her. "Going

to the party, Hannah?" he said, as the gate clicked. Then he added good-naturedly, "I'll let you through."

She shook her head. It was a round head, and the hair was scant upon it. A little knob of it on the crown, that was all. She was an old woman. She had been there a long time and had grown taciturn. She was not allowed to speak to the prisoners, so she had gotten out of the habit of speaking to anybody.

After going a few steps she put down the pail and wrung out the mop. Her arms were short and red and quite muscular. She was not an attractive woman. Then she picked up the pail again and went on up the corridor toward where it opened into the main hall-way.

At this gate the turnkey said nothing. He had been there as long as she had.

She turned away from the main doorway and went a few steps down the corridor in the opposite direction. Here she sat down on a small stool.

She could see the guests as they came in.

She did not wish to see the prisoner killed. She had never gone in when there was any one in the chair. One day they had killed a woman in it. She could have gone in then had she wanted to. Somehow it went against her. They seemed so much like other people as they peered through the bars at her.

The guests were coming in with their dirty feet. There would be more mopping to do after;—after the party.

"It does seem a little improvement over hanging."

She heard a large man with gray hair and a very red nose say this as he turned down the passage with two others. She wondered if he were a judge.

She thought they must be talking about the chair. She could remember the week it was put in; only a few years ago. It was the week her son had had his arm torn off in the factory.

She remembered when they used to take them out and hang them. The man who pulled the drop always hid

himself. She never knew who it was. Perhaps some of the turnkeys could have told her, but she never liked to ask. Likely enough, he did not want any one to know. She wondered if the judges paid him well for it. It is so hard to get along.

With the chair you only press a button. That turns on the current. The prisoner is strapped in so he can't wriggle. He can't get away from it. There is a metal thing on his forehead. He just has to sit there with all the gentlemen looking at him. Then finally they kill him.

Pretty soon the guests began to come back up the corridor. They were all talking excitedly. "Remarkable!" said a short man with a big stomach and a flat forehead. "Remarkable power."

She supposed he meant electricity. She wondered what electricity was. She wondered if God gave it to us, and if He did, how He meant us to use it. She wondered what God was anyhow.

She hung the stool on a nail in the stone wall, and picked up her pail. The turnkey opened the gate for her. He did not say anything.

She went down the corridor to the next gate. "It's all over," said the turnkey. The gate clicked again. Then she went on into the Room.

The chair was empty. They had taken the body out. She began to mop, but she needed more water, so she emptied the pail into the drain and went to the gate at the back of the corridor. The turnkey let her through. He was a silent man, too.

She went past the room where the body was.

Two men were there with it, and one of them asked her if she wanted to see it. One of the men was her nephew.

She nodded her head and they took the cloth off the face. The lips were parted a little. There was a slight burn near one of the temples. The eyes were wide open. It startled her a little. He looked so like a little boy. "Is he dead?" she asked, quietly.

"You bet he is," said her nephew,

"dead as a rabbit." She started for fear he might waken.

She put the cloth back over the face herself, and went and got her pail of water.

When she reached the corridor where the chair was she set down the pail and straightened up. She seemed to see the face in the next room. She thought of the morning her own boy had come to her out of the Great Mystery. What awful agony it was. She looked instinctively at her hands. She had suffered so that long night that her nails had cut the flesh. One would never know it now.

She wondered which hurt the most; death or birth; the boy in the next room looked so peaceful.

She thought of the mothers everywhere writhing in mortal agony. Everybody had to be born. For every life a woman had to suffer.

Then she looked at the chair with its straps and metal plugs, and thought of the lives that had gone out in it. * * *

She seemed to see a Word floating above the chair. She could not make it out. Pretty soon it seemed scrawled along the wall. Then it faded; and then it came back again. Finally she made it out, but she could not understand it. It was the word FUTILITY.



Religious Observances

By Marion Craig Wentworth.

"There is in human affairs one order which is best; that order is not always the one which exists, but it is the order which should exist for the greatest good of humanity. God knows it and wills it; man's duty it is to discover and establish it."

Emile de Laveleye.

This order is justice.

Seers and teachers arise from time to time pointing the way to the greatest good of humanity. Struggles ensue, crises are met, a new era is born and fresh lessons in the conduct of human affairs are learned. The idea of justice is expanded to a larger significance. So the world slowly, painfully, unwillingly moves toward a knowledge of the best.

If men were only willing and eager to discover and establish God's will it could be done in a twinkling!

The one service God wants is that men shall do one another justice, and it is the service we are most unwilling to perform.

We will go through any number of "divine services" for Him on Sunday, in preference, and give Him boundless adoration and unstinted praise of song.

We would rather do this than take any risks with the accustomed order of things; we would rather go on suffering.

Yet this energy poured forth in prayer and lip service, if shot through with a passion for justice, could change the face of the world.

For, after all, deeds done for freedom, for justice, for love, are a higher form of religion than devout worship of a distant or superior being.

"An hour spent in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer," runs the Mahometan proverb. Any savage can pray. Indeed, most primitive men do bow to a strange, mysterious Something which can aid them in killing enemies or inflict suffering upon them. But it takes a high order of man to do justice.

The religious service of the savage is called superstition; ours is called faith.

It is good if it affords personal comfort; but the mental condition it stimulates is only the crude, elementary beginning of religion,—a sweet, sincere, pleasurable emotion, at times exalting and even ecstatic. Ordinarily prayer is like music; its effect is temporary and emotional.

One's real religion is what one thinks and says and does on week-days. Here is the test.

If a man vows that he likes you and is your friend, you like to have him prove it by some friendly deed; you become very tired if he does nothing but stand around and sing your praises, and then slips out of sight the first time you ask a service.

So it must be with the God men worship.

He surely must be disappointed at the way the fine fervors of Sunday evaporate Monday morning when the business stress and strife begin.

Men are susceptible to flattery; but it is absurd to suppose we can fool God with lip-service.

He knows us.

Few there are who have not experienced an ecstasy of worship one moment, and the next found themselves saying a cruel word, doing a thoughtless thing, refusing help to some one.

A deed of justice is prayer made flesh and blood.

A man can support evil institutions; rob the poor because they are poor; ignore the needs and rights of others in his eagerness to amass a fortune, with the same zeal with which he slays his little brother of the glossy coat and pathetic eyes in his annual hunt in the north, and yet worship in his church devoutly and ardently,—even believing himself a Christian.

It may be satisfying to kill a deer or win "glory" on a battlefield; but it is more helpful and humane to build a schoolhouse, to repeal an unjust law, to sow a cornfield.

It may be satisfying to adore a Superior Being on Sunday, but it is a finer thing to believe in one's fellow-men; to give to those who produce the things they produce; to help on the cause of liberty. Such a faith would make us independent moral agents; co-operators with God; builders of our own destiny.

To see the rags and the hungry faces vanishing from the earth would cause God infinitely more rejoicing than centuries of lip-service, and would bring the human race very near to the Creator.

"No one could tell me where my Soul might be.

I searched for God, but God eluded me—

I sought my Brother out and found all three."

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 609 ASHLAND BLOCK
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR

Franklin H. Wentworth

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 3 NOVEMBER, 1901 VOL. I

EDITORIAL

"Since 1875 over four hundred of the richest and loveliest American women have married titles."
—New York Tribune.



WHEN Mary Anderson, an American girl from Kentucky, went to London after getting a reputation as an actress, the Prince of Wales, now

His Royal Highness King Edward the Seventh, asked that she be introduced to him.

For a long time actresses had been His Royal Highness' specialty.

The successful experiences of His Royal Highness had been his illumination. He was devoted to that exalted philosophy, the cardinal tenet of which is that every woman has her price. This is the common belief of people on the moral plane of His Royal Highness. When one is not decent himself, it is difficult for him to believe that anyone is decent.

Mary Anderson declined to meet His Royal Highness. She did more; she said that no self-respecting woman *would* meet him. She had heard tales of His Royal Highness, and had seen pictures of His Royal Highness' pop-eyes and flabby cheeks.

She knew the type.

His Royal Highness was once a little boy. His heart is probably all right now. He has never had a chance. It is the penalty one pays for being "Royal." A soul reaches toward the good, or it retrogrades.—It is a law of life. We work or we rot.

Figuratively speaking, Miss Anderson gave His Royal Highness a slap in the face. But His Royal Highness did not seem to mind it. One's sensibilities cannot be wounded when one no longer has sensibilities.

But the American mothers and their daughters who were crawling on their stomachs for the recognition of His Royal Highness, felt very badly. They said Miss Anderson was quite indelicate.

Since 1875, over four hundred of our loveliest women have married titles. This is quite right: married *titles*. It is very seldom that they get a *man* thrown in.

When they do, he is apt to be rather shop-worn—like His Royal Highness; good enough for a king, but not at all suitable for a husband.

Four hundred rich American women is a good many.

Four hundred European families rehabilitated by American money. The Aristocracy need a good deal of cash in their business—the business of living without work.

There is the house in town, with the stables, conservatories and so forth; and there is the country estate with its still larger establishment:—dozens of house servants, cooks, grooms, stable-men, gardeners, in both places.

Then there is the family itself.

Then there is the horde of relatives on both sides; superannuated parasites in droves, idle from their birth, who pull the bell off its fastenings if their brandy and soda is not at their elbow the moment they wake. They do not know what human service is, except as a thing to be imperiously demanded for their own comfort. Most of them are pasty-faced and gout-ridden and afraid of the sunshine.

One hundred people, counting the curate and his family with the other dependents, is a low estimate of the size of a titled family.

Four hundred American girls, each supporting one hundred people by her income, take care of forty thousand parasites—that is, persons not engaged in any productive occupations.

And this is done with American money—not one year, but continuously.

When an American woman marries abroad she leaves her “investments” here. That is, she draws money for the support of the titled family she marries into, from American railroads, and factories, and mines and rents.

This vast sum, going abroad each year for the support of the forty thousand parasites and the servants of parasites, is that excess of exports over imports which the “statesmen” in American public life call “our favorable balance of trade.”

Their grotesque contention is, that the more a country sends away and the less it gets back, the richer it is.

AND THE FOOL PEOPLE BELIEVE IT.

American manhood and womanhood, delving in the bowels of the earth, sweating in mills and factories, toiling long and bitterly, not for their own comfort and sustenance, but to send millions and millions of dollars to Europe to feed and clothe a class that has lived in dissolute

and insolent idleness since the Norman conquest; a class that despises the men who grow its food and the women who cook it; a class whose every tradition reeks with lust and bloodshed, and whose most exalted summit to-day reaches only to a worn-out rake topped by a tawdry crown!

Every American man, woman or child who rides in a railroad train, who sends a telegram, who pays for a ton of coal, who buys any of the thousand things made in an American factory or stored in an American warehouse which pays ground rent, helps to support this unworking and useless multitude of drones.

England under George Third enslaved the American people by exacting tribute in the form of taxes.

England under Edward Seventh enslaves the American people with trumpery titles, purchasing and debauching American women.

And the American people like it. They call it prosperity.

Do you ever see a line on an American forehead written there by economic worry?

Is there a single American child who has not a better opportunity than any of this European forty thousand?

Is there an American family in need of a better home, or better furniture, or better clothes, or better food?

Why shouldn't we send the products of our industry to feed and clothe this idle European forty thousand, so long as there is not a hungry child in America,—not a family without coal?

Everyone is satisfied. We like the system. Most of us think God ordained it.

There is really nothing to complain about.

SO CHEER UP.





Brief Essays on Self-Interest

BY HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD

FOR a hundred years or so our economic theory has been that of INDUSTRIAL GOVERNMENT BY THE SELF-INTEREST OF THE INDIVIDUAL. Political government by the self-interest of the individual we CALL ANARCHY. It is one of the paradoxes of public opinion that the people of America, LEAST TOLERANT OF THIS THEORY OF ANARCHY IN POLITICAL GOVERNMENT, LEAD IN PRACTICING IT IN INDUSTRY. Politically we are civilized; industrially, NOT YET. Our century given to this LAISSEZ-FAIRE—"leave the individual alone; he will do what is best for himself, and what is best for him is best for all"—has done ONE GOOD: It has put society at the mercy of its own ideals, and it has produced an ACTUAL ANARCHY IN INDUSTRY which is horrifying us into a change of doctrine.



WE pledged "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor" to establish the rule of the majority, and we end by finding that the minority—a minority in morals, money and men—ARE OUR MASTERS WHICHEVER WAY WE TURN. We agonize over "economy" but sell all our grain, pork, oil and cotton at "exchanges" where we pay brokerage on 100 or 1000 barrels or bushels or bales OF WIND TO GET ONE REAL ONE SOLD. These intolerabilities—sweat-shops where MODEL MERCHANTS BUY AND SELL THE CAST-OFF SCARLET-FEVER SKINS OF THE POOR; factory and mine WHERE CHILDHOOD IS FORBIDDEN TO BECOME MANHOOD AND MANHOOD IS FORBIDDEN TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH; mausoleums in which we bury the dead rich; slums in which we bury THE LIVING POOR; coal pools with their manufacture of ARTIFICIAL WINTER—all these ARE THE RULE OF PRIVATE SELF-INTEREST ARRIVED AT ITS DESTINATION.



FRANKLIN pricked the bubble of the lottery by showing that to buy all the tickets and win all the prizes was to be most surely the loser. Our nascent common-sense begins to see that the many must always lose WHERE ALL SPEND THEIR LIVES IN TRYING TO GET MORE THAN THEY GIVE, and that ALL LOSE WHEN ANY LOSE. The welfare of all is more than the welfare of the many, the few, or the one. IF THE FEW OR THE ONE ARE NOT FINE ENOUGH TO ACCEPT THIS TRUTH from sentiment or from conscience, THEY CAN FIND OTHER REASONS AS CONVINCING, THOUGH NOT AS AMIABLE. From the old regime of France, the slave-holders of the South, the death-rate of tyrants, THE FEAR OF THEIR BROTHERS WHICH THE RICH AND THE GREAT OF TO-DAY ARE PRINTING ON THEIR FACES, in fugitive slave treaties with Russia, and in the frowning arsenals and armories building in our cities for the maintenance of "law and order," THEY CAN LEARN HOW TO SPELL SELF-INTEREST.

Reprinted
by
special
permission
of
The Arena

A Psalm of Brotherhood

By GEORGE D. HERRON

I

There are times when I am moved to found a brotherhood;
To withdraw and be clean from the present evil order of the world
To take vows of renunciation, poverty, equality, and the like.
It sometimes seems to me that this is the only way to live the law
of love;

The only way to disclose the brotherhood for which history reaches
a myriad bleeding hands.

But I know that this would really be the denial of brotherhood—
the giving up of its spirit and substance;

For brotherhood is here, before my eyes.

Wherever man is,

Wherever a heart beats or a star shines,

Wherever a beast fights or a worm crawls,

Wherever a god comes to give his life on a cross or in a martyr-fire;

Wherever a convict bears his chains or swings from his scaffold,

Wherever a brakeman lies mangled under his train,

Wherever a miner digs fuel from the earth while his children shiver
and starve,

Wherever the vulgar political huckster administers the affairs of state,

Wherever the pulpit-slave preaches his servile piety,

Wherever the plutocrat plots the economic massacre of the people,

Wherever the academic soothsayer performs his scientific tricks,

Wherever buyers and sellers administer the sacraments of associa-
tion—knowing not the holy thing they do and promise to
the world—

Wherever mothers and births and deaths are,

Wherever life and its unceasing change,

There is brotherhood—

The brotherhood in which all the worlds were founded;

The brotherhood in which we each had our birthright and being
before our world was.

II

Let me not say: Lo, here, or there, is brotherhood!
 For the ever-ascending common life is the one sole brotherhood
 of man, and the brotherhood of all the gods;
 The brotherhood that is the real and visible presence of the Most
 High;
 The brotherhood that is terrible to all who are not lovers of its
 fellowship;
 The brotherhood against which the world has no weapons that can
 be lifted, save to turn to ashes in the hands that lift them.
 The brotherhood against which no capitalist power or increase can
 prevail, nor any legislations or ballots or bullets, nor any
 priests or temples.
 I dare not say: Come, let us escape from the capitalism that
 devours the people, from the governments that betray them,
 from the competitions that slay their souls;
 For I can escape only by creating for myself a selfish order still
 more evil, though it should seem to be a shining sacrifice.
 I will not flee from brotherhood to bondage by separating myself
 into some brotherhood of my own making;
 I will not surrender my sacred freedom to vows nor covenants;
 For it is in the freedom of my soul that brotherhood has its throne.

III

I will arise and be the brother that I am—
 The brother that I was before Moses or Jesus spake;
 The brother that I was before St. Francis or Mazzini came;
 The brother that I was before Marx or George went preparing the
 way of the lord of fellowship.
 The brotherhood in me speaks to the brotherhood in the down-
 most man and the upmost man.
 Brother plutocrat, brother political huckster, brother pulpiteer,
 brother academic juggler—we are one in our degradation,
 our want of pity, and our self-deceit.
 Separate, we fall still lower in the service of our lost selves;
 Together, we may rise to the selfless service that is freedom and
 the joy of heaven.

Patient toilers in the factory, in the mine, in the sweatshop, on the farm, on the sea—let me stand with bowed head and measureless shame before you;
For I am a parasite on you;
Your toil is my bread, your blood my drink;
Even while you feed me, even while I rob you, let me help to break your fetters, so that you may free yourself from me, and free me from my shame by sharing with me some of your over-portion of the world's real work.
Dear sister in the street, where our hideous virtue has driven you, let me touch you tenderly, reverently;
For I am not deceived about you by the monstrous morals of the world;
Beneath all the seeming, I see the virgin whiteness of your soul;
Yea, I kneel to you as a shrine,
For I see hid in you the spirit beauty of one who gently took from my hand the sword I meant for tyrants, and bravely sealed my heart with the love of the brotherhood.

IV

I will leave the private brotherhood I thought to found and follow the brotherhood which cannot be shaken—the brotherhood of the heroized common life that draws near.
I will give to him that asketh—all that I have was likely taken from him by economic might;
I will not turn away from him that would borrow—it is my plenty that has made his want;
All there is of me will I give to all—give as the sun gives light, knowing neither good men from evil nor the evil from the good;
I will ask no reward for service, save power to better serve;
I will take no wages for love, save capacity for greater loving.
I will claim for myself no right, save the right to love boundlessly;
Insurgent love shall be my sole defense against whosoever assails me;
And so shall I find brotherhood—the brotherhood of the glorified common life which is always with me.

V

Having left all for the brotherhood—having left even brotherhood itself—I have found all that I left, and the infinite all that endlessly increases.

Calling nothing my own, invisible tides bear measureless wealth to my doors.

I have all that God has, and all that God is I am.

I see that there is no power that can bind the spirit that loves.

I have disarmed the furies, and the fates now sit at my feet, for I am their lover.

However ill the wind that brings it, nothing but love comes unto me or touches that which I really am, for nothing but love goes forth from me.

My will to love has made the universe helpless to do me anything but good.

The universe and I at last understand each other, and we each hold the other's secret.

We have answered each the other's yearning, and our peace in each other is like the summer sea that caresses green islands, or like the peace that lies across the shepherd's hills when the sun lingers for the love of the shadows.

We have each rested against the other's heart-beat, and between us is the perfect confidence of the deep love-night.

And freedom has come, and the joy-birds are singing the songs of the masters in my soul.



The Signing of the Slave

Being the contract exacted of the workmen of Swift and Company, the millionaire meat packers, before the workmen are given the opportunity to work.

(FORM 96 A)

(EXACT COPY) |

This Agreement, Made and signed this . . . day of
190 . . . , between SWIFT AND COMPANY, the party of the first part, and
. , the party of the second part, WITNESSETH:

The said party of the first part agrees to employ the said party of the second
part in the capacity of
wages to be \$.
such service to continue as long as satisfactory to said party of the first part.

And in consideration of said employment, and the peculiar nature of the
business of the said first party, the said second party agrees that he will not quit said
service and employment without giving two weeks' notice to said first party of his
intention so to do, and as a guaranty for the faithful performance of this agreement
on his part, the said party of the second part agrees to deposit with said first party
the sum of \$. , And in case of violation of this agreement by said
second party, the said first party shall retain said amount as liquidated damages,
and in satisfaction and payment of all damages by them sustained.

It is further agreed that the said first party shall retain \$. per
week of the wages earned by said second party until said sum of \$.
shall be in their hands to be held by them according to the terms of this agreement.

SWIFT AND COMPANY,

BY
.
.

Does It Seem Fair To You?

The stock yards at Chicago is not a pleasant place to work. The odors are very foul there and the streets reek with filth. One can seldom get a breath of untainted air. Yet there are in Chicago ten thousand more men than are employed at the packing-houses already, who would gladly work all day with that vile stench in their nostrils if they could get bread enough for their children to eat, and coal enough to keep them warm.

The hunger-whip can make men work almost anywhere.

It is hard to get employment at the stock yards. There are always so many men waiting around for every job. A man will suffer almost any indignity from the boss before he will complain. Winter is coming on and the price of coal is very high.

It is strange that it is so hard for a man to get work. There is so much useful and necessary work to be done. Something seems to stand in the way of doing it. Nobody in particular seems to blame.

Perhaps it is the system.

The big packing companies don't seem to care much about a man. Perhaps they have no children of their own. Or perhaps they have plenty of shoes and stockings and other things to keep out the cold.

If you go to work for them you have to put up ten dollars. The company keeps it to keep you straight.

If you have been out of work a while and are in debt at the grocer's, and there is no bread or coal in the house, you have not the ten dollars to put up.

Then you sign a contract to let the company keep back some of your wages every week until the ten dollars belonging to you is in their bank.

You sign a contract anyhow. You cannot get the job if you don't. Other men are glad to sign it.

When you are behind in your rent and the landlord and the grocer are pressing you, it's hard not to get your full pay; but if you don't like the job you can leave it.

And then there is your contract.

If you quit your job without giving the company two weeks' notice, the company keeps your money.

Sometimes your wife or your little boy gets so sick you can't go to work. If you did they might die while you were gone. You cannot give the two weeks' notice then. Sickness does not tell you when it is coming.

So you lose the ten dollars.

The company would refund the money if they really knew how much you needed it. But working men are so unreliable. They drink and they lie. And the company cannot go about verifying their stories.

So you lose it.

You might get a lawyer to see about it, as the company has no right to your money.

But there is your contract. That settles it. You cannot go back of that. You signed it of your own free will. You had to sign it to get the job.

So the law will not help you.

You never know there is a law until you get arrested for something. It seems as if the law helped some people to rob others. Perhaps it's the system.

Ten dollars is not much. But the big packers have several plants. Ten thousand men at ten dollars each is one hundred thousand dollars. At 6 per cent that is six thousand a year—interest on your money.

Your little girl may need shoes. It does not seem right.

If the men should strike, the company would make one hundred thousand dollars—unless the men won. If they lost the strike they would lose the money.

There are always so many hungry

scabs to take your place. You cannot prevent them from working. There is no excuse for violence in a free country.

Then there is the military.

You might complain often if you could get another job. The managers of the departments do not like you to complain. The man who runs his department for the least money gets the most pay.

If you are two minutes late you are docked half an hour,—an hour in some places. Then if the killing is late you run over the closing hour.

But you do not get paid for it.

Ten or fifteen minutes three or four days in a week is not much for one man. But for ten thousand it is much. It makes a good showing for the boss. He gets that labor free.

Last winter some of the men spoke about it to one another. It was happening so regularly. One of them agreed to keep tab of the overtime. The boss saw him marking in a book. The next day the office sent for him and told him they did not need him any longer. He was a good man and had worked faithfully; but the boss wanted to make a good showing. He did not want any dissatisfaction among the men.

The office did not give the two weeks' notice.

It was not in the contract.

It is better not to find fault with anything if you expect to stay.

One day a yard man was sent out with the State inspector. The inspector turned down forty cattle. He said they had a disease called lumpy-jaw. Such beef is not good to eat.

In the afternoon the yard man saw the forty cattle with a lot of others;—in the killing-pen. The inspector had gone on to one of the other packing houses.

The yard man knew that people have died of eating diseased meat, so he slipped over to where the inspector was and told him the lumpy-jawed cattle had got into the killing-pen by mistake.

So the inspector went and ordered them out again;—which prevented their being killed until the following day.

The yard man had gone then. They told him at the office he should learn to keep his mouth shut. He was not paid for sneaking about, they said.

It is hard to get another job when they let you go that way. You always have to tell where you worked before. And then they tell you to come around next week. Meanwhile they look you up. When you come around the next week they say they guess they don't need any more men just now.

One man had worked for twelve years at one job. He was so good that he got more pay than the others. The work was important. He had not missed a day in ten years. They could not give him a vacation, the boss said. There was no one to take his place. But one day his brother came to see him from England and he said he wanted to lay off for two weeks.

The boss said he could not spare him; but as he had worked there for twelve years and knew the manager he went to the office and got permission.

When he came back in two weeks the boss said he was sorry, but his place was filled.

So he went to look for a job at some of the other houses. He was too good a man to remain long idle.

But they all turned him down so persistently that he became discouraged.

Finally one of the clerks, in a big plant, who used to work where he did, took him quietly aside and told him his name was on the "blue book" and it was no good trying.

He wondered what his family would do.

You can't learn a new trade right away after you have worked for twelve years at one job.

None of the packing houses would have him.

Finally he went back to the old house and pleaded with tears in his eyes to be taken. He could not see his family starve.

The hunger-whip sort of cowes men.

So they said he might go to work, but they could not pay him so much as before.

They wanted him back all the time, but they wanted to teach him a lesson. They fixed him on the blue book so they could be sure he would come back to them. It does not pay to be too independent.

Jobs are not so plenty as all that.

Then the company gives every one a chance to get on. They encourage you to buy stock.

Employees who own stock take a greater interest in the plant. They look out for waste and that sort of thing. The more stock you own the faster you

get on. They don't make you buy stock; but they show you it's to your advantage. Not many of the workmen own any. It takes all their wages to buy groceries and fuel and occasionally a little clothing.

One man bought a share and when his family got sick he wanted to sell it. The company sent him to their broker in La Salle street. He had bought it of the company at par, but he sold it to their broker for what he could get.

If he had been more industrious and saved more of his wages he would not have had to sell it. The company did not make him buy it. It was not anybody's fault.

Yet it seemed too bad, somehow.

Perhaps it is the system.

Field Notes of the Movement

Although by the time this issue of *The Socialist Spirit* reaches our subscribers the election results will be generally determined, it seems reasonable to predict that on the whole the socialist vote will indicate that the active work of propaganda has not been in vain. In New York particularly much painstaking work has been done, and William Mailly reports that judging from the attendance at meetings and advices from speakers and agitation committees in the various districts the party should poll an increased vote there.

Nearly a million pieces of literature will have been distributed in New York city by the time the campaign closes; the bulk of this by house-to-house canvass. From sixty to seventy meetings a week have been held, mostly open air, and socialist speakers received in nearly all instances respectful attention. Interruptions have been few, the police scrupulously preserving order.

The ratification meeting in Cooper Union on Oct. 12, with Ben Hanford

(candidate for Mayor), James F. Carey and Fred Long as speakers, and Morris Hillquit as chairman, was a splendid success. The hall was packed and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. Notwithstanding that there were reporters present from every daily paper in New York, not one of these papers next morning contained a line about the meeting. This was not surprising, as the party and its candidates have been studiously ignored by the capitalist press since the campaign opened.

Mailly and Spargo have been giving every spare moment to the city campaign, Comrade Spargo also attending to the duties of the Labor Secretariat, from which Comrade Harriman relieves him Nov. 1. Comrade Spargo reports the formation of a new propaganda center in Brooklyn. At Fulton street and Ralph avenue a few of the sterling workers have rented a vacant store with dwelling rooms attached. Socialist plasterers overhauled the ceilings and partitions; carpenters the woodwork and fixtures, and cabinet workers made

a big library table and book cases. Socialist painters and decorators did the beautifying and a socialist plumber the plumbing and gasfitting. All are members of the party and worked gratuitously. Comrade Spargo opened a lecture course in the new quarters and speaks in highest terms of the local value of such co-operative effort. When the common people make things for themselves, for a common purpose and enjoyment, a result is obtained in inspiration out of all proportion to the actual labor expended. In the joy with which such common meeting places are contemplated and the interest which is manifested by each individual in every detail of the work done to make them comfortable and attractive, one may get a hint of what the co-operative commonwealth has in store for humanity. We will not know our brothers until we have a social system which will give them a chance to blossom.

An interesting incident which happened in New York during the month has to do with the public schools.

A teacher in one of the primary grades told the children in her room that "all anarchists and socialists ought to be driven out of the country." Among the pupils was Bella Reichenthal, who knew her father was a socialist, and knew that he had the respect of every one who knew him as a man of integrity. She said nothing at the school, but reported the incident at home.

Inquiry proved her report to be true. Comrade Reichenthal immediately addressed an emphatic letter of protest to Borough Superintendent Jasper, and gave information of the matter also to the socialist press of the city. An answer very promptly came from the superintendent, apologizing for the teacher's words, admitting that they were wholly unjustified and improper, and promising that she should be warned against such errors in the future.

Such incidents would not be worth chronicling were it not for their instructive value. The intentions of the

teachers are uniformly honest; but, like other people, they get into conventional ruts of thinking. One cannot but commend the prompt action of the superintendent, yet the mischievous ignorance of the teacher would not have been disclosed to him had it not been that the matter was promptly followed up. Socialist parents must realize that any misrepresentation in the schools should be promptly met, for it is in the child that the seed of prejudice finds fertile soil.

*

In New Jersey, the State which derives its chief revenue from trust incorporations, things have been going not quite so smoothly. Charles H. Vail is running for Governor and a hard campaign is on. New Jersey is also the mother State for the anarchists who have been remarkably successful in their propaganda, particularly among the police, who have no respect for law whatever. The other evening Samuel Levin, one of the speakers in Vail's campaign, was addressing a large and very attentive and perfectly orderly audience in Newark. He took occasion to refer to the assassination of President McKinley, referring to it as a criminal and deplorable act, and expressing sympathy with the bereaved wife. He continued:

"It is well to offer condolence to the afflicted widow of the murdered President, for the shock was a cruel one. But does it not strike you that the sympathy is being carried too far? A woman who has been left a fortune of from \$200,000 to \$3 0 000 is not in a position to command such sympathy as should be given to thousands of poor widows in this land who have been left to struggle along in poverty."

The crowd applauded this sentiment, but the police, who are made the judges of what may be said and what may not, objected to it and ordered the speaker to stop and the crowd to disperse. When Comrade Levin refused, citing the constitution of the United States as a guaranty of the right of free speech and peaceable assemblage, the policeman replied: "I don't give a damn for the constitution." He pushed the

speaker from the platform and, backed by his companions, threatened him with further violence if he persisted in speaking.

George Goebel, of Newark, who is making a tour of the State of New Jersey, speaking for the socialist party, is meeting more than his share of this practical anarchism.

Recently he was prevented from speaking in Bridgeton, the police authorities conniving with a gang of ruffians to break up his meeting. On the succeeding evening he visited Vineland and undertook to hold a meeting. The story is told in the press dispatches—and not a word have the press said in denunciation of the outrage:

"Vineland, N. J. (Special)—Geo. Goebel, the Newark socialist who was not allowed to speak at Bridgeton on Friday night, was egged and assaulted at Vineland last night. Goebel came to this city with the intention of speaking. When he appeared on the street and attempted to speak from a large dry goods box in the public square he was pelted with eggs and driven from the square.

"The mob chased him, and when he was caught they gave him a severe beating. He managed to escape again, and was escorted to the railroad station by the chief of police. When they were safely on the platform the chief told Mr. Goebel that if he valued his life he would advise him to board the next train out of town, which he did."

The town of Vineland and the State of New Jersey are thus put on record as the home of a set of riotous and, in purpose, murderous law-breakers.

These New Jersey experiences remind one of the difficulties that all through history have been met and overcome by lovers of human liberty.

William Morris was rotten-egged and at one of his meetings, held inside, some scurvy blackguard ignited a substance which liberated so foul a gas that the audience was driven out of the building. Ruffianism has always the same color; it is absolutely resourceless. These New Jersey hoodlums are the perfect prototypes of those who stoned Jesus in the first century.

It brings home the conviction that the fight for human freedom is a long one. We must be patient, and tireless, and strong.

In Ohio, also, an active campaign is in progress. No anarchism is reported among the authorities, although Harry C. Thompson, the candidate for Governor, has collided rather positively with the capitalist system.

He was local cashier at Cincinnati for the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company and has been summarily discharged from his position, not because his services were unsatisfactory but because he is working actively for socialism.

The officers of the company make no secret of the reasons for Comrade Thompson's discharge. They say:

"WE DO NOT CARE TO DISCUSS THIS SUBJECT AT ALL, BUT WE DESIRE TO TERMINATE YOUR CONNECTION WITH THIS COMPANY IMMEDIATELY, AS WE ARE POSITIVE THAT IT WOULD NOT BE FOR THE BEST INTERESTS OF THIS COMPANY TO RETAIN IN ITS EMPLOY A PERSON HOLDING THE VIEWS OF A SOCIALIST OR WHO BELONGS TO ANY PARTY OR ORGANIZATION WHICH AIMS TO DESTROY THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH ONLY IT IS POSSIBLE FOR INSTITUTIONS LIKE OUR OWN TO EXIST AND PROSPER."

This is brief, clear,—all sufficient. There is no misunderstanding it. What this company has set down in plain language is the unwritten law of capitalism. Business organizations to-day assume that when they hire a man, they buy him body and soul—that, in consideration of being allowed to earn his living by wearisome drudgery, he "voluntarily" surrenders his whole existence into their hands, gives up his right, not only to speak, but even to think, and becomes the mere mouthpiece of their sordid interests. Regarding his dismissal from the service of the company, Comrade Thompson says: "As an honest man, I have no argument which could possibly change their conviction, so I have replied that I accept the issue."

During last year's national campaign the Baltimore and Ohio and several other railroad companies, in view of the fact that Eugene V. Debs was nominated for President, distributed among their employes circulars denouncing so-

cialism and posted orders forbidding any employe to take part in political action, on pain of discharge.

It is strange the public conscience does not see in such actions as these on the part of employers that labor is not free,—that every man cannot get a job who wants one. No man would work under such immoral and debasing coercion of opinion if he could get a job under any other condition.

*

In the West the Missouri State convention at Sedalia furnished matter of interest. An association of "good citizens" in that modest village, called the Citizens' Alliance, having a proper regard for the eminently conventional reputation of the place, undertook to prevent the assembling of the convention by withholding all available meeting places. Thereupon arrangements were made to hold the sessions in a large tent erected on a lot owned by one of the local socialists.

Finally, however, a large vacant store room was secured, furnished by the local lodge of the Knights of Pythias. In spite of the "hullabaloo" over the coming of the "anarchists" published by the Citizens' Alliance, the delegates were cordially received by the people and were shown many courtesies. Every newspaper in the city gave the first two columns of the first page to an impartial account of the convention. Not a word was heard to indicate that there was any one in the city who believed socialists to be anarchists.

Two big mass meetings were held in the convention hall. One was addressed by Comrades Lipscomb, Hoehn and Mills, and the other by Debs and Mills. The hall was packed to the doors with an audience of one thousand people. The local band played the Marseillaise before the hall, and when Debs arrived on a belated train, he was greeted with rousing cheers. Comrade Debs spoke for an hour and a half.

*

Of all the requests for service which have come to the Fellowship of The So-

cialist Spirit there is none more gratifying than a call just received from the Canadian socialists. The Canadian socialist movement has not yet been consolidated into a national organization, although the propaganda in the provinces has been active and forceful, headed by the able and dignified Citizen and Country, published by George and G. Weston Wrigley. Over two years ago the Canadian comrades began to organize branches of the Canadian Socialist League, with the understanding that no constitution would be adopted until a national organization should be perfected after twenty or more branches of the league were in existence. This left the local organizations with complete home rule. There are now twenty-eight of these branches, their names and objects being the same, but bound together by no constitutional organization. The period seems to be at hand when the amalgamation of these local bodies into a national organization is becoming imperative, and it is for assistance in this high and delicate task that the Fellowship has been appealed to.

It is reasonable to suppose that the majority of the delegates assembled from these local bodies would favor the adoption of a short platform and constitution along the lines of that adopted by the United Socialists at Indianapolis; but it could only be expected that there would be men at such a convention who might differ considerably as to the details of a platform.

The desire of the Canadian comrades is that one of the Fellowship should begin a speaking tour about Nov. 8 at Brockville, or some other convenient point, and after holding meetings in the smaller towns and cities throughout Ontario, attend the convention to perfect a State organization to be held in Toronto on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 28, and, following this, to speak in many towns and cities which have not by then been visited.

It is probable that John Spargo will be delegated for this service, as Com-

rade Harriman relieves him at the Secretariat Nov. 1, and the New York campaign will close on election day, Nov. 4, thus releasing him from service in New York.

By referring to the sketch of Comrade Spargo in our September issue, his fitness for this service in Canada will be appreciated.

*

Chicago, although no elections are forward, is beginning to take on the seasonable activities. The Socialist Temple, with its co-operative grocery, its dramatic organization, its orchestra, and its regular meetings, is keeping thought alive on the West Side. The lease of the present quarters expiring next May, plans are now being discussed for the purchase of ground and the erection of a building; all work on the same to be done by socialist workmen. There are many encouraging evidences that the plan will come to a satisfactory fruition.

Franklin Wentworth spoke at the Temple Oct. 20 and Marion Wentworth on the 17th. Mrs. Wentworth also spoke at the Armitage avenue hall on the 20th and at Elgin, Ill., on the 27th.

Mr. Wentworth speaks at Elgin on Sunday evening, Nov. 3, and goes to Knox, Ind., on Nov. 12 for two addresses in the Christian Church, arranged by A. L. D. Grindle.

*

One of the most interesting local developments not directly in the socialist field, yet affording good opportunity for propaganda, is a series of meetings arranged by Marguerite Warren Springer of the Daughters of the Revolution. One seldom looks for anything from organizations with their interests a hundred years in the past, yet the present State regent of this organiza-

tion is such an ardent democrat that she bids fair to make it useful.

Free speech being somewhat in question in Chicago, Mrs. Springer has rented University Lecture Hall on the fourth floor of the Fine Arts Building, at 203 Michigan avenue, at her own expense, for every alternate Friday evening during the season.

Lecturers have been engaged, and after each lecture the floor is thrown open and any one can say what he thinks of the discourse that has been given. Admission is free, and there is no collection. The meetings bid fair to eclipse in interest any which Chicago's usually prolific variety will afford.

Following are the dates and speakers:

Nov. 8—Ibsen's, *The Enemy of the People*. By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Nov. 22—*A Talk to the People*. By Samuel M. Jones, Mayor of Toledo.

Dec. 13—Henry George. By Louis F. Post, editor of the *Public*.

Dec. 27—John Ruskin, *Prophet*. By Walter Vrooman, founder of Ruskin Hall, Oxford University.

Jan. 10—*The Future School*. By Col. Francis W. Parker, University of Chicago.

Jan. 24—*What is the Real Emancipation of Woman?* By Wm. M. Salter, lecturer Ethical Culture Society.

Feb. 14—*The Blight of the Army*. By Marion Craig Wentworth.

Feb. 28—*The Newer Ideals of Peace*. By Jane Addams.

March 14—*Man and the Machine*. By Frank Lloyd Wright.

March 28—*The Coming Society*. By Prof. Albion W. Small, University of Chicago.

April 11—*Charity or Justice, Which?* By Prof. Emil G. Hirsch, Sinai Temple.

April 25—*The Future Militarism*. By Prof. Edmund J. James, University of Chicago.



WE earnestly desire that all our friends continue reading **THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT**. We will do our utmost to make it **WORTH** reading. We do not however, believe in continuing to send papers to subscribers after the expiration of subscriptions, unless we receive some assurance that the paper is desired.

If this paragraph is marked with blue pencil your subscription has expired and we will not send you future issues unless we learn from you that you want them.

SPECIAL

We have a good stock of back numbers of **The Crusader**, *invaluable* for introducing people to Socialism. We will furnish these, post paid, until our stock is reduced, at **ten cents a dozen**. Order at once.

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT,

99 Ashland Block, - Chicago.



The Comrade

Is the first illustrated Socialist Magazine in the English language.

You will find it highly interesting.

\$1.00 per year, 10c per copy.

Address

THE COMRADE
P. O. Box 324, N. Y.

The International Socialist Review

Edited by **A. M. SIMONS**

Devoted to the Study and Discussion of the problems incident to the growth of the International Socialist Movement. One Dollar per year. 10 cents per copy

Published monthly by

CHAS. H. KERR & CO.

56 Fifth Avenue, Chicago

The Arena

America's Leading Review.
\$2.50 per year. 25 Cents per copy.

The Arena is the only one of the great American magazines not dominated by capitalistic influence.

SPECIAL OFFER

The Arena and The Socialist Spirit will be sent to subscribers for a year at the cost of the Arena alone, namely \$2.50. Address

FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH, Publisher,
609 Ashland Block, - - Chicago.

Special Prices on BOOKS by **Geo. D. Herron**

The following volumes are bound in cloth. Price, 60 cents each.

BETWEEN CÆSAR AND JESUS
SOCIAL MEANINGS OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES

THE NEW REDEMPTION
THE CHRISTIAN STATE
A PLEA FOR THE GOSPEL
THE LARGER CHRIST
THE CALL OF THE CROSS
THE CHRISTIAN SOCIETY

We have a few copies of **The Larger Christ**, **The Call of the Cross**, and **The Christian Society**, in paper covers at 25 cents each. When our published stock of Prof. Herron's books is exhausted they will be withdrawn from publication in their present form. For Books, mailed postage free, on receipt of price.

ADDRESS

FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH, Publisher
609 Ashland Block, Chicago.



THE CAMPBELL PRINTERS CHICAGO